

Pal. Lets to the king, who, were he
A quarter carrier of that honour, which
His Enemy come in, the blood we venture
Should be as for our health, which were not spent,
Rather laide out for purchase: but alas
Our hands advanc'd before our hearts, what will
The fall o'th stroke doe damage?

Arcl. Let th'event,
That never erring Arbitratour, tell us
When we know all our selves, and let us follow
The becking of our chance.

Exeunt.

Scena 3. Enter Pirithous, Hippolita, Emilia.

Pir. No further.

Hip. Sir farewell; repeat my wishes
To our great Lord, of whose succes I dare not
Make any timorous question, yet I wish him
Exces, and overflow of power, and 't might be
To dare ill-dealing fortune; speede to him,
Store never hurtles good Gouvernours.

Pir. Though I know
His Ocean needes not my poore drops, yet they
Must yeild their tribute there: My precious Maide,
Those best affections, that the heavens infuse
In their best temperd peices, keepe enthroand
In your deare heart.

Emil. Thanckes Sir; Remember me
To our all royall Brother, for whose speede
The great Bellona ile sollicite; and
Since in our terrene State petitions are not
Without giftes understood: Ile offer to her
What I shall be advised she likes; our hearts
Are in his Army in his Tent.

Hip. In'sbosome:
We have bin Soldiers, and wee cannot weepe
When our Friends don their helmes, or put to sea,
Or tell of Babes broachd on the Launce, or women

That

That have sod their Infants in (and at
The brine, they wept at killing 'em;
You stay to see of us such Spencers,
Should hold you here for ever.

Pir. Peace be to you
As I pursue this war, which shall be th
Beyond further requiring.

Emil. How his longing
Followes his Friend; since his depart,
Though craving seriousness, and skill,
His careless execution, where nor gai
Made him regard, or losse consider, b
Playing ore busines in his hand, ano
Directing in his head, his minde, nurse
To these so differing Twyns; have you c
Since our great Lord departed?

Hip. With much labour:
And I did love him fort, they two hav
In many as dangerous, as poore a Co
Perill and want contending, they hav
Torrants whose roring tyranny and p
Ythleast of these was dreadful, and th
Fought out together, where Deaths-f
Yet fate hath brought them off: The
Tide, weau'd, intangled, with so true,
And with a finger of so deepe a cunn
May be out worne, never undone. I t
Thesous cannot be umpire to himse
Cleaving his conscience into twaine, a
Each side like Iustice, which he loves

Emil. Doubtlesse
There is a best, and reason has no mar
To say it is not you: I was acquainted
Once with a time, when I enjoyd a Pl
You were at wars, when she the grav
Who made too proud the Bed, tooke
(which then lookt pale at parting) w
Was each a eleven.